## The Washington Times

WASHINGTON, SUNDAY EVENING, OCTOBER 3, 1915.

## The New Adventure, Read it here NOW Then see Mall in Moving hetures

WRITTEN BY

George Randolph Chester Author of "Get-Rich-Quick-Wallingford"

DRAMATIZED BY

Charles W. Goddard Presented In Collaboration With The

Famous Pathe Players

INTRODUCING

BURR McINTOSH ......J. Rufus Wallingford

LOLITA ROBERTSON.....

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The Restitution Fund. ROANS and shricks unspeakable issued from the closed doors of the Pullman drawing room, and the two girls, who ie only occupants of the car,

coked at each other in concern. and more vivacious. She was very handsome, and about twenty. The other girl, who was about twen-

ty-two, and more sedate, though there brown eyes, listened intently to the agonizing noises that rose above the rattle and rumble and screech of the jerky train; then she touched the bell at her side, and the two, apparently sisters, from their likeness of feature waited in vain for the porter.

Groans and shricks unspeakable; walls of anguish; cries of mortal agony; wild, despairing screams!
"I can't stand it any longer, Fan
nie!" and the younger of the two girls

nie!" and the younger of the two girls jumped up.
Her sister hesitated, then followed to the door of the drawing room outside of which they stood for a moment; while those terror-inspiring sounds rose above the loud rattle of the train.

It was Fannie who at last knocked. No one came; only the groans and shrieks responded.

Their father built it for them: Warden, owner of this road. When he died, old E. H. Falls somehow or other got the road, and Miss Violet and Miss Fannie that I've hauled since they were bables haven't a cent." O'Connel gulped, and his face turned reddgr. "It's a damn shame!" he suddenly blurted, having held his tongue as long as he could, "Old Falls skinned 'em that's what he did, out of five million dollars!"

"Skinned 'em!" The lean and lank nusician looking back at pretty Violet Warden, became suddenly furious. "Girls like that!"

"Orphans like them!" and O'Connel

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"Orphans like them!" and O'Connel plodded on through the car, too indignant for further conversation.

"Say, Jim." said the black-mustached musician, "did you hear that outrage?"

"Yes," replied the big man, frowning as he lit a thick black cigar.

Blackle gazed out of the door to where the beautiful golden head of Violet Warden rested upon the shoulder of her dark-haired sister. Suddenly he slammed his saxophone in its case, and hurried astraight out to the girls, and leaned over the seat in front of them.

"Beg your pardon," he began, his black eyes snappins. "I'm Horace G. Daw, and you might as well call me islackle," everybody else does. My partner is J. Rufus Wallingford, and he's the slickest little financial manipulator in the United States, bar none. The why Jim Wallingford can go into a town where the entire floating capital consists of three copper pennies and a plugged dime, and come away with

eyes of Fannie looked into each other in long, slow silence.

Three minutes later, J. Rufus Wallingford, coming to the door of the drawing room, saw Blackie and the two girls bent together in friendly and eager conversation.

"Come here, Jim," called Blackie. "Say; there was a whole gang in this deal, a clique headed by Falls! We're going to get that money!"

"Flne," chuckied Wallingford. "Getting moncy either backward or forward, is my main reason for living."

Just then the train stopped with an abrupt jerk, which threw big J. Rufus Wallingford off his feet, and tossed Violet Warden forward into the arms of Blackie Daw!

Five young men picked themselves from the floor of the magnificent private car. Swallow, after that rude stop of the train, and viewed the devastation with extreme annoyance. The whist cards lay scattered everywhere; a beautiful pasteboard model of a portable bungalow had been jerked from the sideboard and bent in the tumble; and a glass of champagne had been dashed all over the lavender waistcoat of young Benssy Falls!

"How very aggravating," said young Benssy, as he rang for Shamsauka; but

Benssy Falls!

"How very aggravating," said young Benssy, as he rang for Shamasuka; but his dimples returned immediately.

"Some one shall have a good ragging for this. Sammy, you've been a vexing long time in coming."

"I beg your pardon, sir," replied the Jap in his college Egglish. "but I thought you might like to know the cause of the delay, and I hurried out to investigate."

"Very well, you may tell us," Mr. Falls graciously consented.

"Thank you, sir," responded Shamasuka. "There is a heavy rock-slide on the track just ahead of us. The engineer snapped a driving rod in doing so."



"Thank you," said Benssy gratefully possible of the sort," returned Wallingford sedately. "It is only my cold business judgment which is speaking. Mr. Falls."

Resgie Haugh had been flapping his thick lower lip with his thick forefinger in deep thought.

"Only trouble is," he objected, "that all the rest of us have had a share in the inventing, which makes it a sort of femily affair, don't you think?"

Wallingford was instantly ready for that emergency. "So far as that is concerned," he observed in smiling confidence. "I invented inventing, though I am far too modest a man so to state," and he laughed jovially, closing his eyes and shaking his big shoulders to show them that this was a joke. "Even while we have been talking. I have discovered a radical defect in the construction of your portable cottage, and have invented a way to overcome it. You are making your hellow walls in straight sections which merely abut upon each other. Warpage and shrinking wild cracks. What we must do is to make the hollow sections like this," and he defty and ruthlessly cut open, upon a larmate edges, one of Benssy's sections, telescoping the two parts upon each other slightly so as to show the plan of overlapping, and then reversing them to show how much space they saved in neating for shipment.

"That surely makes Mr. Wallingford one of the family, Regsie," declared

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Bungalow. You must come out into our factory and inspect one which is come. It was a masterful manner in which to creat such an emergency, and the board tool of it. The board followed into the factory much interested, to see the factory much interested that so factory much interested that so factory much interested that the could pluck with interest at the mustache which is made in the factory of the factory much interest at the mustache which is much an emergency? He displayed his hand. The official manager sighed. The much much interest at the mustache which is commercial senius do in such an emergency? He displayed his hand in the factory of the factory much interest at the mustache which is commercial senius do in such an emergency? He displayed his hand in the factory of the factory of

the portable bungalows consigned to him.
On the second day after that, again, Mr. Bezazzum himself came into the factory, both himself and his daughter, clad in the most most violent slik sweater procurable.
Mr. Bazazzum, inore violently inflamed than his unspeakable sweater was a torpedo of righteous winth, whom Mr. Wallingford endeavored, with no success at all, to placate with seething words and fond promises.

from Mr. Bezarzum that an injunc-tion had been served upon him, for-bidding him to pay for and remove the portable bungalows consigned to convince Fannie that it was all right.

claimed Wallingford, quite anxious to convince Fannie that it was all right.

"In the second day after that, again, Mr. Bezazzum himself came into the factory, both himself and his daughter, clad in the most most violent silk sweater procurable.

Mr. Bezazzum, more violenti, indiamed than his unspeakable sweater, with a torpedo of righteous within whom Mr. Wallingford endeavored, with no success at all, to placate with socthing words and fond promises.

"No!" shricked Mr. Bezazzum. "O!!! have the law on yez, begob. You promised me, three hundred bungaliows and Ol hev me min engaged, and no houses to put them in. I could have got thim chanties elsewhere, but by cheminy, I blace my confidence en diss skinner concern an' they turn me down. I'm agin you, see? Tomorrow by heck, I'll stack you up in front of a two-hundred-thousand dollar damage suit, so help me! And that goes!"

"My dear Mr. Bezaszum You must realize that, so far as intent goes, we are entirely innocent in this affair: We delivered the goods to you as on time, and we cannot be held, for anything on that score. In a spirit of fairness, however, we will do this much. We will pay the freight both ways, take back the three hundred portable houses, and repay your 10 per cont advance deposit in cash, "You'll take what we get for you, "Let' em pay our expenses, Jim."

"Isn't that fair, Mr. Bezazzum?"